

**Again, What Do I Know About Desire?**

Let me explain how nothing ever changes—the scenery, sure but everything else is the same: you take off your clothes & become nothing, but a log too wet to throw into a fire. Ignore me. I'm still trying to figure out what it means to stay. Us faggots are predictable this way, even when we're here we're gone—let me explain again: he sticks a finger in my mouth & asks me to take the ring off with my teeth & I do. I imagine his wife's naked frame: average & angry on my tongue. I roll her around, store her in my cheek while I suck his cock. With a chisel she make a statue from each tooth. Here, a dolphin. Here a strange bird—I want to be a bird, or forgiven. It's all very predictable. You walk into the field expecting to be devoured & then you are. The moon, a paper plate thinning from your sopping shape. It's all very boring, really. It ends how it begins: a man holds out his hand & you empty the contents of your ordinary mouth.